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Dear Travis,

What gives?

On a card just here from Crapo is a note, which sounds like "old rocking chair's got him", he says he isn't chairmaning the O. T. meet this year--told you he couldn't handle it.

I thought I had an equity in it this year. I've written around for a couple of years trying to locate the half dozen who started the Club in 1917, and I have been proposing to Crapp and Polly that this year they feature a "Founders' Night" with as many of the old boys on deck as possible.

Last year I had already dug up Art Paukner, and he was there. Now I have located Oscar Miller--he's a banker in Miami, Fla., and any day now I still hope to discover the whereabouts of the last of the Pawlings, Alano--an acquaintance of mine rents their big old shack up on 20th & Grand. I think Crapo has all addresses I turned up.

Then I thought Polly would write the publicity, for he was in the old ARRL publicity dept. with me. I sent him a sample release, as enclosed. But I haven't heard from him lately, since right after he was going to see Junior Kletzch, one of us, he said.

I've got one foot in the grave myself, have had for twenty-five years. I can't come, much as I would like to. I was going to personally write all of the founding members, after I knew they had received their official invite, but it seems late now for that. I particularly wanted to write Hitz.

Or maybe you have entirely different plans. I have been away a long time; I may not know what's hep.

I believe I have it on authority of my aunt that you gave up E. E. in favor of a manufacturing biz. Right?

Wareing was out here last Summer. Crapo was supposed to see me, too, but he says now, next year. There is always a chance, I see, we aren't going to wait for each other. Hi I am not going to live as long as my aunt and my late ma.

I have rooted for it to all those I have written, Oscar, Junior, et al. Polly knows 'em all, too, by their first names, and what you can get 'em up for to reminisce. I would surely like to see old C. M. Trinslow, my first wireless pal, who could tell about Gernsback's 10¢ detector he got stuck with.

Let me hear.

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ex-9HO